



A FUNERAL

# ELEGY

On the much lamented Death of *Jacob Peppard*  
*Fsq*, a Member of Parliament, and Clerk of the  
*Ttolsel*, who died the 17<sup>th</sup> of this Inst. March  
1724<sup>5</sup>



H E R E is your Mourning Tholsel, where is your Sable hue,  
Because your chiefest Friend, this Day is gone from you,  
In Parliament most Active, fam'd for his Eloquence,  
His Name by Nature has a double Sense;  
Pepper the hottest of all Spice that grow,  
But for our Pepper, no Man can milder shew;  
Bountiful in goodness, and always at his Door,  
Kept constant tendance to relive the Poor.

From Birth most pure, and by Extraction free,  
Sprung from a Noble and good Family,  
In Wicklow born, where his first Breath begun,  
And was their Portriss when his last thrid was spun,  
But sure I can't forget, when worst of times that he,  
Stuck to this City with all true Loyalty,  
When Forster, Strone, and Burton gave the Cole,  
'Twas honest Peppard that made up the Pole;  
His Paper Stamp, kept Rogues and Knaves in awe,  
His brain adorn'd with Statutes of the Law,  
Let all his brother Gownsmen, from each give him a tear,  
If not I'll lend, for I can Ocians Spare;  
Since he is Dead, who was belov'd by all,  
Poor and by Rich, and now his friends down fall,  
But 'tis our comfort, he is with heavenly Chore,  
Remov'd from us to blis for ever more.

## Epitaph.

H E R E Vertue, & great worth, & all things that is Sage,  
Ly's here Inter'd, near Seventy Years of Age,  
He Dyed and Left, agood and Gracious Son,  
Who Hearts of all he has already won.  
He dy'd vast rich, left Thousands in his Store,  
But yet his Son deserves ten thousands more.

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